

12196
G E O R G E :

A

P O E M.

Humbly Inscrib'd to the RIGHT
H O N O U R A B L E the
EARL of WARRINGTON.

By Mr. BRERETON, of Brazen-
Nose College, Oxford.

*Nunquam Libertas gratior exstat,
Quam sub Rege Pio. Claudiam.*

L O N D O N :

Printed for Jacob Tonson at Shakespear's Head
over-against Catherine-street in the Strand,
MDCCXV.

GEORGE

POPE

Blindly inscribed to the Right
Honorable the

BART. W. WATSON.



By Mr. BRER
W. College, Oxford

Presented to the
British Museum

LONDON
Printed for James Tegg at the
over-against the
MDCCLXXV



GEORGE:

A

POEM.

*



I M, whose sad Absence Thou hast long
condol'd,

Auspicious *BRITAIN!* now at
length behold:

Now cease to tell his tardy Stages
o'er,

And watch each Motion of the Wind no more:

No more shalt Thou with anxious Doubts be prest;

He, who long since fill'd ev'ry *British* Breast,

To ev'ry *British* Eye now stands confest.

3

A 2

Great

* This Introduction (as well as several other Passages in the Poem)
alludes to Claudian's third Book in the Praise of Stilico,

42

Great in Renown, but in Himself more Great,
 Receive Him as the *Cyrus* of thy State:
 His Hand salute with lowly-bended Knee,
 Who holds a Scepter but to set Thee free:
 On that lov'd Face, which Thou so much cou'dst prize
 In Paints and Medals, feed thy ravish'd Eyes.
 This, this is He, whom *German* Princes call
 To guard their States against th' ambitious *Gaul*:
 By whose wise Care, e'en in its last Decline,
 Peace smil'd around the *Danube* and the *Rhine*:
 Who, 'midst of Pop'ry and destructive Zeal,
 Asserts *Religion's* Cause without a Vail:
 And in whose Praise, with loud exulting Joy,
 Obsequious *Holland* does with *BRITAIN* vie.

Did Publick Triumphs as of Old invite,
 And had our King in Pageantry Delight,
 Another Scene had late been set to View
 Than Ancient *Rome* or *Athens* ever knew.
 No plunder'd Wealth, no Spoils of vanquish'd Foes,
 The Pomp of the Procession shou'd compose:
 No captive Slaves, dragging their Chains along,
 Gen'als or Kings, shou'd murmur in the Throng.
 Such Sights, howe'er amusing to the Eye,
 Must sure produce a party-colour'd Joy.

Joy unallay'd, and Pomp throughout serene
 In *GEORGE's* Entry only had been seen:
 On ev'ry side, before Him and behind,
 Nothing but Marks of Peace and Freedom join'd.

Here

Here They, whose Art in Trade and Commerce lies;
 Shou'd their Restorer own with lifted Eyes;
 And Pageants bear, which shew both *France* and *Spain*
 To *British* Laws resign the Wat'ry Reign.
 The Brave Men here, that hard our Safety bought,
 His Triumph shou'd partake, whose Cause they fought;
 There *Commons*, free'd from a base Partial Test;
 There *Lords* shou'd walk, no more by *Lordlings* prest.
 Glad Delegates, from Towns and Cities sent,
 Shou'd here their sev'ral Bodies represent;
 And, *DUBLIN*'s Magistracy at their Head,
 High in the Air their Rescu'd *Charters* spread.
 There Thou, *BRITANNIA*! had'st been drawn in State,
 That great One in thy Hand, so justly stil'd *The Great*.

But oh! thy Prince refuses to be shown
 By borrow'd Lights, and Lustre not his own:
 The pompous Noise of Greatness does disdain,
 Active alone that Greatness to attain.
 Pleas'd in the Labours which from Empire spring,
 He but consents in Pity to be King:
 And chuses to perform the Victor's Part,
 With better Grace, in his glad Subject's Heart.

Never did our *Metropolis* receive
 A Sov'rain, who such Hopes to *BBITAIN* gave.
 Not when the Seventh Great *HENRY* march'd to wed
 The Dame, that join'd the *White Rose* to the *Red*:
 Nor when the Realms, long rent with Civil Flames,
 First stood United in Pacifick *JAMES*.

Never was open'd such a glorious Scene;
 Not after *CHARLES* Return'd with all his Train:
 Nor what is more, e'en after *WILLIAM*'s Sword
 Religion, Laws, and Freedom had Restor'd.

Him, Valiant Prince! less Fortunate than Good,
 The Times compell'd to dye his Sword in Blood:
 Nor knew We then th' Event; the Question won
 With Him might finish, which with Him begun.
 And *CHARLES*'s Reign but sow'd the Ills We fear,
 However in Himself to *ALBION* Dear:
 Hate of Oppression, vile in all Mens Sight,
 In that full Joy prevailing to such Height,
 To grant, in Him, that to Oppress was Right.
 Now does our happy Isle not only see
 Her genuine Sons from this Delusion free;
 But what as yet in doubtful Ballance hung,
 E'en' under *WILLIAM*, between *Right* and *Wrong*,
 Now stands in *GEORGE* Establish'd and allow'd,
 And, done in Heat, is in cool Thought avow'd.

Nor let our King the Transport strange suppose,
 Which in his Favour the Rowz'd Nation shows.
 Now, Mighty Prince! our Tongues are ty'd no more;
 'Tis Duty what was * *Treason* held before;

Tho',

* -----There have always been disaffected Persons, who, by particular Views of their own Interest, have enter'd into Measures to fix a Prince of your Blood in my Dominions, even whilst I am yet living. *Late Queen's Letter to the Princess Sophia.*

Tho', had They Pow'r but equal to their Will,
 There wants not Those to hold it *Treasure* still.
 But not such Awe of their Dislike We have,
 Whate'er Regard sick Majesty might crave,
 As longer to defer the Debt We owe,
 And which had else been offer'd long ago.

Hard Fate of Kingdoms! which with Fears oppress,
 (Cautious the Reigning Sov'raign to molest)
 Their future Prince are not allow'd to name,
 In Bar of some PRETENDER They disclaim;
 Nor dare one Step in his Behalf begin,
 Compell'd to smother all their Hopes within.

But as when Fire, long Time in Caverns pent,
 Has suddain found some unexpected Vent;
 More strong it burns, and with resistless Force
 Breaks out at once, in its impetuous Course:
 So We, with pious Violence, at last
 Thy Presence own, the late Injunction pass.
 Each Sex and Age, each Order and Degree,
 As Flames tend upwards, point their Eyes to Thee.
 Nor can thy Foes Respect to Him refuse,
 Whom a whole People cou'd consent to Chuse.

O Hail, the People's *Choice*! the People's King!
 Their Choice the purest Title Thou can'st bring.
 Thou com'st, not puff'd with an imagin'd Right,
 To rule a Nation in its own Despite:

Nor, on like Terms as Heirs, by *Private Deed*,
 To fifty Acres of Dead Earth succeed,
 Claim an *Hereditary Pow'r* to bind
 The Free-born Souls of Millions of thy Kind.

Not but thy Veins with Royal Blood run o'er,
 Ally'd to All whom We had Chose before:
 Enough to shew Thee Eminently Whole,
 And that thy *Birth* is Kindred to thy Soul.
 But what is *Birth*, in other Titles lost?
 May They fix there, who nothing else can boast.
 Did thy new Pow'r on this Foundation stand,
Remonstrances wou'd flow from ev'ry Land:
 Thou yet shou'd'st sit Unsteady on thy Throne,
 Invaded by PRETENDERS more than One:
 Who in their Lineage justly now repine,
 While thy firm Title speaks it self *Divine*.

Behold! e'en now the Venerable Seer,
 Good TENNISON, does Crowning Thee appear:
 But lo! He pauses; nor will yet presume,
 With lavish Hand, to pour the rich Perfume.
 South, West, and North, where-e'er the People croud,
 Their Suffrage and Assent He asks aloud:
 And, those once giv'n with all the Transports due,
 Then, nor 'till then, his Function does pursue.

Let Bigot Slaves against thy Right combine,
 For *Ishbosheth* and *Saul's* Immediate Line:

Thou,

Thou, like Good *David*, dost the Throne ascend;
David himself scarce more th' Almighty's Friend.
 And *Saul*, appointed by Divine Decree,
 What Kindred Claim, what other Right had He?
 The People Chose Him first with mutual Voice,
 And in his Prophet GOD approv'd their Choice.

But how mistaken They! who Human Race
 In the same Rank with Savages wou'd place!
 Cou'd the Pretension to *Bequeath* Us hold,
 We with like Justice might be Bought and Sold:
 So Brutes may be; but Man was only meant
 To live by Laws, to which He does consent.
 This Thou hast learn'd, in other Regions bred,
 Where yet no Prostituted Text is read;
 To flatter Him who fills the *German* Throne,
 Of Right inherent in Himself alone.
 E'en Thou, Great King! thy Voice to Crown Him gave;
 Nor can an *Emp'ror* reign without thy Leave:
 And were false Notions binding, Thou must lose
 Not thy Choice only, but a Pow'r to Chuse;
 Or rather (may the Prophecy prove true)
 Thy Title there e'en to be Chosen too.

Too long Appropriate to the *Austrian* Line,
 The *Empire* seems to smile at length on thine,
Rome only, and the Friends of *Rome*, cou'd mourn
 The Scepter *Charles* shall leave from others torn.
 Both *France* and *Spain* have, in their Turns, decreed
 Who to th' Imperial Scepter shou'd succeed:

And hard it were, did *BRITAIN* less expect;
 That, in their Turns, the Pow'r of Both has checkt:
 Else *Agin-court*, which now with Pride We name,
 And *Eighty Eight*, wou'd witness to our Shame.
 But *Schellemburgh* and *Hockstedt* (Glorious View !)
 From *Germany* demand it as our Due:
 Or shou'd She fail, that gen'rous Isle once more
 Cou'd force Her now, which succour'd Her before..

This for thy Nation; but, brave Prince! for Thee,
 Who can Reluctant thy *Election* see?
 There is a Height of Worth, in Honour's Chace,
 Which, above Reach, None offer to debase:
 And Virtue, tow'ring to the Point assign'd,
 Envy itself is left forlorn behind.
 Who envies Heav'n the Privilege to know
 Th' Event of Things, and Human Acts below;
 Who, the World's Eye to propagate his Light,
 Or who the Moon her Empire of the Night;
 Let such with impious Aim his Venom sling
 At Royal *GEORGE*, fair *ALBION*'s matchless King.

Not the Twin-Flames to Mariners at Sea,
 To Misers Gold, nor Revels to the Gay;
 To anxious Swains refreshing Summer Show'rs,
 Nor Night to Lovers, nor † to Virgins Flow'rs;
 Are half so welcome or so glad to see
 As to thy Kingdom was the Sight of Thee.

What

Non sic Virginibus Flores----

Claudian,

What can They now present, how shall They show
 Their thankful Sense of the vast Debt They owe?
 So Great Thou art, so much beyond Renown,
 We almost blush to pay Thee with a Crown;
 Which scarce Ourselves contemplate but with Scorn,
 By Undeserving Heads too often worn.
 But 'tis our All; and fully'd tho' it be,
 Thyself wilt soon refine it worthy Thee:
 Thou, Thou its ancient Lustre shalt restore,
 Or make it brighter than it was before.
 So the feign'd King, by his Immortal Guest,
 With an unknown transmuting Pow'r was blest;
 And soon as grasp'd within his *Chymick* Hold,
 The Lumpish Lead itself refin'd to Gold.

Already We our Sov'rain's Influence find,
 And from the Past may judge of All behind.
 No sooner Providence had spoke the Word,
 And various Wonders to his Reign concurr'd;
 (May None to censure Royal *ANNE* presume,
 Light lie her Earth, and Water'd be her Tomb)
 But *Rapine*, *Violence*, *Injustice* fell,
 Tho' high advanc'd, down to their Pristine Hell.
 And *Persecution's* self, but newly fed,
 The Feast yet warm beneath her Nostril spread,
 With Hunger pinch'd, yet daring not the Fray,
 (Like the grim Wolf within the Lyon's Way)
 Retir'd tho' loath, and growling drop'd her Prey.

Those, whom his Hand has chosen to preside
 O'er Nations, and th' Affairs of Princes guide,

Torment no Conscience; no Vindictive View;
 Beneath the Wing of a Meek CHURCH, pursue:
 Nor with Mock-Tyranny his Subjects awe,
 By his Prerogative, against his Law;
 But to their Country's Good most firmly bound,
 Of that alone Solicitous are found.

Such COWPER is; who to wild Suits a Foe,
 Taught Justice first in gentler Course to flow:
 Such NOTINGHAM, who worse addicted long,
 Shews a brave Soul in owning He was Wrong:
 Such WHARTON, piercing with sharp-pointed Sight
 The Mists of State, and bringing Fraud to Light:
 And such is SUNDERLAND, who with Disdain
 The Realm, He cou'd not serve, refus'd to drain.
 But chief, O HALIFAX! the Muses aim
 To grace their Verse with thy propitious Name:
 And if Sage *Solon* and *Lycurgus* drew
 From *Homer* Plans to form their States anew;
 Whom cou'd the Staff fix'd in thy Hand displease,
 Were that thy greatest Plea, as it is but thy least?

Nor only, what We still must value most;
 At Home free Life and Property We boast;
 But Friendsempac'd and bold Aspirers aw'd,
 Resume our former Characters Abroad:
 And, as when past the long *Herculean* Night,
 The Sun appearing, Mortals own'd the Light,
 The Lands once more to BRITAIN turn their Sight.

Once

Once more does **BRITAIN**, rising from her Fall,
 Return their Greetings, and nodding look on All.
 No longer She shall silently complain
 Of Motions made to a Weak Prince in vain:
 Who, harb'ring now the Rival of our Throne,
 Shou'd soon have Cause to tremble for his own.
 Spain shall no more our Merchant-Ships employ,
 Forc'd out of Port, against an old Ally:
 Nor by false *Swedes* shall they be put to Chace,
 In midst of boasted Universal Peace:
 Our Fleets the while, that shou'd protect our Trade,
 Become cheap *Transports* to a King We made.

† Nor *Holland* our Resentment shall excite,
 As too officious in our Prince's Right:
 Such Fervour now our Friendship will improve,
 And what was mutual Safety turn to Love.
 All, who confide in **BRITAIN's** Aid again,
 Shall of no Frauds or Breach of Faith complain.

But oh the Prospect! the transporting View!
 Which does indeed old *English* Time renew!

Our

† The *Evening Post*, Numb. 745, in the Article from the Hague,
 (May 22, 1714) has these Words. *In the last Conference between
 the E. of S. and our Deputies, his Excellency declared to them----
 How their High M. had made themselves Guarantees of the Prote-
 stant Succession---- That the said Succession will subsist according
 to its Settlement, tho' the Queen will not permit any Foreign Poten-
 tate (without being invited) to meddle with the same.*

Our Int'rests in the Continent, of Old
 So much our Glory, were so faintly told;
 That Dead to Will of putting in our Claim,
 We but beheld them like a vanish'd Dream.
 But *BRUNSWICK*'s Sway not bounded by our Shore;
 He reigns where *British* Prince ne'er reign'd before:
 Does a brave State to our new Kindred bring;
 Whence * We Ourselves Originally spring:
 Yet which disputes not for its Sov'rain's Grace,
 Itself contented with a Second Place.
 For We, like *Jacob*, have our Fortune wrought,
 And, tho' the Younger Branch, the Blessing caught.

Too long with our Domestick Discords hot,
 Our Foreign Provinces have been forgot.
 What else had hinder'd, but when *France* was found
 Faintive and Sick with many a deadly Wound,
 When her scar'd Troops retir'd from Place to Place,
 And She grown Suppliant humbly offer'd Peace;
 We might, with Love of Ancient Virtue fir'd,
 Our Ancient Territories have requir'd?
 Gladly had She our Claim to them confess,
 From further Hazard to secure the Rest.
 Better for Us such Forfeit to have laid,
 Than new Possessions for Another plead:
 O wond'rous Zeal to a *PRETENDER* shown;
 The second Rival of our *GEORGE*'s Throne!

But

* The Saxons first set out for this Island from *Utzon* in the
 D. of *Lunenbourg*.

But small th' Advantage of *BRITANNIA's* Isle;
 One Fort the Prize of all her prosp'rous Toil!
 Nor that, by Treach'ry lost, restor'd again;
 Only henceforth *Demolish'd* to remain:
 Nor yet *Demolish'd*; but as stubborn Fire,
 Quench'd in one House, does to the next retire;
 To be Rebuilt beneath another Name,
 The Prospect vary'd, and the Thing the same.

Enormous Insult to a Victor Land!
 Which long their Crime, who suffer'd it, shall stand.
 But he is come, whose Presence does repair
 All former Ills, and softens those that are.
 Which, He e'en absent, (cou'd Perswasion win
 On *Jehu-Riders*) never wou'd have been.
 May that *MEMORIAL* of our Prince's Mind;
 Be our *Palladium*, in each Breast inshrin'd;
 That safe henceforth, We better may sustain
 The Loss of *Normandy* and *Aquitain*.

Not that confin'd within a desert Isle,
 We need Enlargement, or a kinder Soil.
 By Nature favour'd, nor inclement Skies,
 Rich in Herself She may the World despise:
 As much beyond each other Region blest,
 As is her King superior to the Rest.
 While yet but half Herself, her Int'rest crost,
 And e'er two Names were in one *BRITAIN* lost;
 Tho' still the Weaker Part oppos'd the Sound,
 Awful She stood, and dealt her Blows around:

Unfold:

Unfoil'd remaining, tho' with Numbers prest,
 And still the higher rose, the more distress'd;
 So rose, that All her great Alliance fought,
 And *Kings* and *Emp'rors* in her Armies fought.

Rome's Greatness on the Shelves of Time o'ercaft,
 The Crown to *Germany* devolv'd at last:
 From whom snatch'd by proud imperious *Spain*,
 To *France* by Her 'twas strait resign'd again.
 Whose *Bourbon*, aided by the Tempter Gold,
 Long bore the Sway, with Fury uncontroll'd:
 And *Europe* (all her Foes without o'ercome)
 By Him was harass'd with worse Toils at Home.
 When *BRITAIN*, piteous of her Neighbour's Woes,
 Upon their Rescue bent, her *CHURCHILL* chose,
 Who sudden crush'd his Force, and fix'd the World's Repose. }

Such is the People, whom with gentle Hand,
 Thou, Sov'raign *GEORGE*! dost under Heav'n command.
 Nor shall thy Empire, as the Rest, have End;
 If *Virtue* or *Religion* can Defend.
Religion (which is *Virtue's* self) does here
 All like it Self, and undisguis'd appear:
 Here first took Root, and rising from the Ground,
 Lent kindly Shelter to its Friends around.
 Let other Nations other Aims pursue,
 And form their Measures on some private View:
 'Tis *BRITAIN's* Care, that pure *Religion's* Name
 Shou'd spread as wide as her own boundless Fame.

'Tis Her's to cancel impious *Rome's* Decree,
And Confessors from Jails and Gallies free:
And sure to crush the Spirit, which infers
From *Faith* such *Practice*, soon or late 'tis Hers.

This glorious Cause to Head, undaunted She
First fix'd on *WILLIAM*, and now last on Thee:
But Thee distinguish'd by a Mark unknown
To Him, and All except Thy self alone.
Full oft have *British* Kings, both wise and good,
O'erlook'd, when call'd, Proximity of Blood:
Yet still by Conquest first their Claims did plead,
And Laws to shew their Right were after made.
But howe'er else debar'd, Thou dost succeed
By *Acts of Settlement* long since Decreed:
The Kingdom easing her devout Desires,
With all the Sanction that a Crown requires.

* Thus did the Hope of Thee thy Subjects fill,
And thus They dote on thy Indowments still:
Still wherefoe'er their Sov'raign does appear,
With Shouts and loud Acclaim They hasten there.
Whether Thou dost t' assume the Scepter go,
And give and take the Faith both Parties owe;
Whether, thy *LONDON* cheering with thy Sight,
To glad the Feast to which She does invite;
Or in gay Scenes give Ear to am'rous Vows;
(A Freedom Virtuous Plesantry allows)

Thy

* See Claudian, as before.

Thy Prefence All with beating Hearts confess,
 And Heav'nward whisper Pray'rs to thy Success:
 And when with thine We offer up our Praise,
 To Thee too much of our Devotion strays.

Oh! save Us from Ourselves, by Passion sway'd;
 Nor let Us run the Length our Joy would lead:
 Restrain our Fondness; shunning what would be
 A Sin in Us to give, to take in Thee.
 And such the Genius is of *British* Souls,
 Whom Danger nor Alarms nor Fear controuls,
 That gentle Sway they rarely can abide,
 But yield to that what was to Force deny'd:
 And often thus in Ruin are involv'd,
 As *Adamant*, unbroke, may be Dissolv'd.

Ills which have been do oft arrive again;
 A *GEORGE* in *BRITAIN* may not always Reign:
 Tho' sure the Omen does no Ill infold,
 That now We first a *Royal GEORGE* behold.
 Nor wholly Thou a Parallel disclaim
 With the old *Saint* and *Champion* of thy Name:
 Since the known Legend, whether feign'd or true,
 Is a clear Type of Wonders Thou should'st do:
 Discord, the Dragon ready to invade,
 And who but *LIBERTY* the rescu'd Maid?
 Lo! how aghast She stands, with meagre Face,
 Worn out and breathless with a Four Year's Chace:
 Scar'd, tho' unbound, she still suspects the Foe,
 And scarce does yet her great Deliverer know.

But

But cease thy Fright, nor longer mourn in Tears;
Thee, Damsel! Thee *BRITANNIA*'s King reveres:
Full oft for Thee on proffer'd-State cou'd frown,
Nor wou'd at thy Expence secure his Crown.
The *Eastern* Monarch with Disdain He braves,
Who treads each Morn on Necks of prostrate Slaves:
Such Subjects holding worthless of his Sway,
E'en Beasts themselves less abject far than They.
He envys not the Charms by *Louis* found
In dreaded Empire, that admits no Bound:
Now thinks Himself abridg'd of Sov'raign Will,
Only restrain'd from Pow'r of doing Ill,
'Tis a Free People Crowns *BRITANNIA*'s King;
And hence his Decent State, and Lov'd Dominion spring.

Our selves thus blest'd, what cou'd We more desire
Than that our Sons might the same Worth admire?
'Tis so; nor is the Blessing less compleat,
Less permanent and fix'd than truly great,
Once more a Royal Progeny We view;
The Kingdom's Ornament and Safety too:
A Gift so rich, that not of them possess'd,
We shou'd in *GEORGE* be insincerely blest'd.

For tho' the Right remain the People's still,
With **Loyal* Force to ward impending Ill;

* The true Original Meaning of this Word (however otherwise
it has been often us'd) is no other than According to Law; as
has been lately observ'd in one of the Papers, call'd, The Patriot.

Yet Publick Good (which gave that Right) decrees,
 While National Concern no Ill foresees,
 That suffering Change as little as We can,
 The Scepter shou'd devolve from Man to Man,
 And long continue where it first began. }
 Hence the sole Source of Royal Birth-right; hence
 Of strain'd Prerogative the wild Pretence:
 Tho' hence, 'tis true, Such often are obey'd,
 Who the meer Right of Birth can only plead.
 Oh, then how happy! how Protected We!
 Who now at last a Prince *Apparent* see;
 Whose Merit, did He not from BRUNSWICK spring,
 Wou'd point Him Successor to such a King:
 As like the Father, in the Race they run,
 As is the *Morning* to the *Mid-day* Sun.

Oh Hail, Thou other GLOSTER! May'st Thou be
 Not valu'd less, so much more worth than He!
 He, had He still pursu'd the Heroe's Part,
 Cou'd but have been what Thou already art;
 Full-grown, and ripen'd to establish'd Fame,
 While hopeful Shoots not still persist the same:
 As Storms arise, intestine or from far,
 Alike prepar'd to stand in Peace or War.

Who can enough thy gen'rous Warmth applaud,
 When We oppress'd with base Tyrannick Fraud,
 Thou with thy Presence wou'd'st have brought Relief,
 And as a *Subject* only shar'd our Grief.

Thou

Thou did'st thy Part; but them can't ne'er requite,
Who durst debar Thee of a *Subject's* Right.

Thy *Audenard* 'tis frivolous to Name,
Where one great Act immortaliz'd thy Fame.
But, Royal Youth! too prodigally brave,
Take Care a Life not all thy own to save:
Bound up in thine, thy Nation's Health demands
Mardyke's Destruction from inferior Hands.
That *Atlas* gone, who now supports our State,
Thou art the *Hercules* must bear the Weight.

But ever Sacred be th' Eternal's Name,
And endless Praise his Providence proclaim!
Since no such sad Event as yet is nigh,
But our great King does vig'rous Health enjoy.
Still with like Vigour may He run his Stage,
Nor worn by Sickness, nor oppress'd by Age;
That his long Reign may furnish Us at last
With full Relief for his long Absence past.
His great inestimable Life our Care,
Be this our Morning, this our Ev'ning Pray'r:
Let All their other Scruples here dismiss,
And Heav'n alarm *Unanimous* in This.

Oh! cou'd We but in some one Form adore,
And with one Mouth the Blessing All implore;
O'erlooking Points which, Charitably weigh'd,
From this *Main* Unity would ne'er dissuade;

Our

Our Vows must sooner reach th' Almighty's Throne,
Who is Himself *Variety* in ONE.

Something forebodes such Discord now shall cease,
And *BRITAIN* flourish in *Religious Peace*,
Nor vain the Hope; to heal so nice a Wound,
Doubly the Time is seasonable found:
When, in the Gen'ral Joy at once Employ'd,
All seem to throw their Jealousies aside:
And our New Sister-Realm, unlike our Old,
One Worship, as one Faith, aspires to hold.
Vast was th' Attempt, when by a noble Scheme,
(E'er the *Bad Years* of *Good Jehoshaph* came)
Two Nations late, however else inclin'd,
In Civil Union happily were join'd:
And nought cou'd have improv'd the great Design,
Besides a Harmony in Things Divine.
But Virtue cannot all at once attain;
That was a Task reserv'd for *GEORGE's* Reign:
Who does himself a bright Example set,
Our Native Prejudices to forger.

Here *TILLOTSON* We ever must lament,
From his Divided *CHURCH* too early rent:
That wond'rous Man! All Charity! all Love!
Who taught Religion as it is Above.
But *WAKE* and *BURNET* shall his Loss supply;
Free to prescribe, and able to apply.
And good old *LOYD*, who has desir'd it long,
In this Endeavour shall again grow Young.

TAL-

TALBOT shall shield it from insulting Scorn;
And *FLEETWOOD*'s Sacred Eloquence adorn.

But whither roves the Muse, her Goal design'd,
Through too much Warmth, already left behind?
Subjects their Hopes may modestly explain;
But 'tis for Those who Govern to Ordain.
A King like Ours, so Royally compleat,
Must bless his Age with all Things Good and Great:
And tho' each Gift shou'd not prevent our Will,
His Providence is not less Active still:
Nor ought We each Occurrence to decry,
Whose Spring lies hid to ev'ry vulgar Eye.

Thus, in the Golden Season of the Year,
When the tall Grain full-bearded does appear;
And, greedy to be Hous'd together, stand
Courting with gentle Smiles the Mower's Hand;
The Hind, uprising with the early Day,
Looks round, and bids the Steams of Night away:
But if the Mist continue, and the Plain
Still dreads the Outrage of th'impending Rain;
In no wild Transports are his Doubts exprest,
Patient he waits, nor dares with Heav'n contest;
He knows what Heav'n intends, is always for the Best. }

F I N I S.

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